

1Alhandra Ferry and Snow Ferry

Tape 053 & 087

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This is a tape of a tape of the Golden Age Center history discussion group. This tape was made in approximately March 1974. It was recorded by Ralph Siddoway at the history discussion group meeting. The meeting is being conducted by Mada Dudley and Iva Gray. My name is Mike Brown of the Golden Age Center. Today's date is October 18, 1978.

Iva Gray [IG]: I'm Mrs. Iva Gray and I'm chairman of the history discussion committee. We're very pleased to have so many here today and Mrs. Dudley will take charge and lead the discussion. She has went to work and has got a lot of material for us from Jensen people and around. We will have her lead the discussion. If we're all ready now, we'll let her start out.

Mada Dudley: Well, this is Mrs. Dudley speaking. Today we are going to talk about the Green River Fort that was built at Burton Ranch. I think it was designated as the Burton Fort, and the four ferries built and used to cross the Green River were the Burton Ferry, the Snow Ferry, and the Jensen "Maube" Ferry, and the Alhandra Ferry.

We are pleased to have here a special guest, Mr. and Mrs. Newell Snow. Newell's father, Albert, was one of the two brothers who owned and operated the Snow Ferry for a number of years. We also have some of the Haslem family, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Haslem and Elsie Haslem. Their parents purchased the Burton Ranch, and these children have memories of the Burton Fort and some of the ferries. We'll maybe have to rely on some of the people here, I wasn't sure who could tell us about the Alhandra Ferry. Maybe we could sort of compile things here with regard to the Alhandra Ferry.

By way of introduction, let us say just a little something about a few things in a general way about the fort and the ferries. I have some small snapshots here of the Burton log cabin of the fort that was built from Mrs. Oakley's Harold Johnston. I got some more pictures of this old house that was built up there. I will pass this around and you can glance through them as we are talking about it. Just pass those around. This first one is on this first page, then this other one, this next one is a Snow log cabin. Then these in the background, you can see the Burton house there or the Burton Fort.

First, let's talk about the Burton Fort. I was interested in the Burton story that was printed in the *Vernal Express* July 18, 1940. From this account, it seems the Burton Fort was built because of the fear the settlers along Green River had for the Indians and Indian uprisings. This was induced by the Meeker Massacre in Colorado which occurred in 1879. It is interesting to read from the Burton story how Ike Burton and his wife and some of the boys, including Ike Jr., went to Salt Lake in the fall of 1879 to get their year's supply of provisions, leaving Ike Jr.'s wife, Ann, and some of the younger children at the cabin on Green River, including Bill, not quite sixteen years of age. The uprising among the Indians across the border in Colorado broke out in September resulting in the Meeker Massacre and other incidents of bloodshed.

She tells about one day a half dozen young bucks strayed over the border into Utah, and coming to the Burton place which was near the river ford, asked Ann for some flour, meat and butter. What little they had left, Ann had been directed to hide and use sparingly while the folks were gone for more, so she told the Indians there was none. Determined to get food, the Redskins

took two guns from the corner of the room and threatened to shoot her and the children if she did not produce the provisions. She had the baby in her arms, two children were clinging to her skirts and the others were begging the Indians, "Don't hurt us," between sobs. Ann tried to quiet the children with reassuring words. While the Indians were looking about the place for food, Ann put one of the girls out of the window to go and get Bill from the field. When he came, he quieted the Redskins with a few Indian words he knew and gave them some melons and other garden things. They finally left saying, "Squaw heap scared. Heap burno good." That evening, two of them came back bringing a piece of meat to make friends.

As the Burtons were returning from Salt Lake, word reached them of the Indian trouble in Colorado. At Strawberry, Ike Jr. left the party, put a noose over the nose of the little mare they were driving, and rode ahead bareback as fast as he could to his wife and brothers and sisters. A few days later, the father and mother arrived. They and other families along the river built a fort at the Burton place because Mrs. Burton said the water in their well was best along the river. Most of these people that had taken up claims along the river had dug wells, but in some of them the water was not very good.

Cabins were built to house about thirty cowboys and the following families: Enoch Davis, Lars or "Maube" Jensen, John Snyder, Mrs. Ann Snyder, Mrs. Fred Williams, and Jacob Burns, besides the Burtons. Although the fort was maintained during most of the winter, some of the families returned to their farms during quiet intervals. Now this was taken from the "Pioneering at Jensen and Vernal" told by Mr. and Mrs. Burton and written by Gladys B. Kennard and printed in the *Vernal Express* July 18, 1940.

This fort was located where later William Oakley lived, and the property is now owned by Mr. and Mrs. Blake Peterson. The buildings are now gone, but I understand a remnant of the old shed still stands. The Haslems, I understand, purchased the property just to the south, joining where Ike Burton Jr. had built his home, had taken up the land. I was wondering, Joe [Haslem], whether you could tell us some of your memories about this early fort and when you were living there. Would you like to come up?

Joe Haslem: Well, to make this informal, I'll just sit here, I think you can all hear me and I'll let you keep your chair.

Iva: We want you close to the recorder.

Joe: Oh, I see.

Iva: Do you want to sit there?

Joe: Yes, I better, I'd take too much room in that one. Well, this is more just from my memory and than hearsay, but I'll be right at home because they all say Joe Haslem don't know what he's talkin' about, and I don't think anybody else does about this anyway! I was born in 1895. I come into Jensen that fall when I was three months old, and I've been there ever since. Our family was related to the Burtons. In order to clarify this, I think we had better go back to the Burtons' early history. The old Burton, Ike Burton Sr., was an old river man. He put up a ferry on the first Mormon Trail on Green River in Green River, Wyoming. There's where he met his wife. She was a little English girl about sixteen years old with a handcart company going through. She met old Ike Burton, they were married there.

Man: Joe, where did they put this ferry?

Joe: On the old Mormon Trail on upper Green River.

Man: Where from your house?

Joe: Oh, I'm starting on the first ferry. They were river men, the old Burton was actually a river man, the old man. Ike, see, he liked the river, and he liked to boat, but he first got in the ferry boat business on the old Mormon Trail. Then he had such a large family, I think there was fifteen in that family. They moved over and the kids all grewed up practically on the Bear Lake.

Then he drifted over here onto the Uinta Basin and was coming here in the fall of '75. Their first winter, they spent down in there where the Stewart Lakes are, there's a lot of slough grass there, and they started a-building those houses. Ike, I've heard him tell many times, and Iry and all of them going in, used to haul those logs up on the ice—there was no road that was good getting up on the river—moved those cabins up there.

Well, first thing they did, they had to have a ferry boat. So they goes up Dry Fork and cut them timbers there and sawed them with whip saws and make a ferry boat. But I'll let Newell go on from there. But that's where the first ferry boat was on the Burton. They run that right where our house is, or the old ranch house is on the river, until the river sandbars got bad, then they'd move it up just below the Indian fort where it was a lower channel and they wasn't bothered with sandbars.

They run that boat for several years and then they sold it to old Billings and Skipsy Johnson and then they sold it to Snows, but that will be Newell's story. They made the first tie there and they took out the first ditch, the old Burton ditch. It comes in at the ranch there and Burton settled his whole family there. He started in from where Newell is there, from where old Johnny Angus, old kid Newell, and on each side of the river come through where Dudleys' place is across the river. They used to call that the Burton Grove.

There was all the Burtons and their brother-in-laws. Three of the Burton girls, they married McKees, some McGuires. Anyway, they was plumb up to where Boon McKnight lives and then where the Buckle Ranch is, that is where Jim McGuire was killed, there. No, it was Spicer was killed there, a cellar caved in, a dugout. But they put off the first ditch there. Then when the homesteaders come in to the Jensen valley there, they was having trouble with the ditch.

Burton, he was quite a dual man. I've heard Tom Morgan, them old fellows, them old cowboys, say that old man Burton had more foresight than any man in the country. He never did get under a year's supply of provisions. He always went to Salt Lake to get them, then he finally used to go to Rock Springs to bring in a year. He had a whole commissary there. Those people down there would always be coming up to Burtons for something, you know, they would run out. Ike let 'em have a community garden right to the west of where my house is, there under the ditch between the ditch and the hill. Well, for two or three years there's where they come for supplies, you know, for their garden stuff there.

Well, the time of the Meeker Massacre, they got pretty spooky. I've heard Ike tell a lot of times about riding this mare in from Strawberry. They turned their horses loose that night in Strawberry and he had a hard time catching her. Ike was a good roper and a good rider and he roped this mare and she wasn't broke to ride. He put a loop on her nose and she bucked him off

three times there before he got her started and he rode plumb through bareback with a loop on this little mare's nose, see.

They had a lot of old cabins built there, but they was never designed as a fort, they never was. They laid up more and put them in the ice house and everywhere they could keep people. But they stayed pretty well holed up there for a few days and then the women and kids would stay there, but the men would go around and work their farms and they all come back every night. Iry says the only real scare they ever got was one moonlit night they thought they heard some Indians crossing the river. They heard something a-splashing and they all got their guns and got all out there. They laid there and waited. Instead of some Utes coming across the river, it was old man McKee's cattle coming across the river. Those old cattle had been used to running their own Brush Creek, you know, them days there was no way to get across. But Iry said here that bunch of them old steers come a-splashing through the water. That was the worst scare they had during all the whole Indian trouble. That's just about all the story there is to it. Of course, the people used to congregate there more than ever on account of the ferry boat. There was only two ways to cross the river there, you had to go to the Indian fort during low water, across Burton's ferry boat when it was high, see, and consequently, that was their main stopping place. And also coming up to Old Man Burton's to bum a few provisions. Is there anything else?

Man: Where's that Mormon Trail at?

Joe: Oh, it goes through Wyoming.

Man: Where does it cross Green River?

Joe: Right there at old Mormon Crossing above where the Oregon Trail swings off. That Oregon Trail went to the north and the Mormons swang south and come down through April Canyon, down through, see?

Sue: Did they come through Green River?

Joe: No, not Green River, Wyoming. No, it was plumb north; between there and Jackson is the old Mormon Trail. I've been on it a lot of times.

Woman: Was that where Ike Burton was originally?

Joe: The old man, yes.

Woman: Green River, Wyoming, or Green River, Utah?

Joe: Oh no, not Green River, Wyoming. It was *on* the Green River. It was on the Green River, you see. Green River, Wyoming, was down. It never come into existence very much until the Ute people built through. But the trail went north, you see, the Oregon Trail swung and the Mormon Train crossed the ferry and swung down and come through Echo, see. It's kind of confusing on a lot. Your Oregon Trail was there before the Mormons come through. They followed that through, then when they got there, they had to make a new trail.

Man: Did the Burtons have a ferry right there by your house?

Joe: Yeah, the ferry was right straight out in front of the house. I can still show you some old cable in a tree over there.

Man: I thought that was the Mormon Trail the led up to the...

Joe: Oh no, no. The Mormon Trail was twenty miles north.

Man: Then how long did they operate that ferry there?

Joe: Oh, I don't know, they operated that for several years.

Man: I crossed the Alhandra Ferry when I was a boy and also the Jensen place.

Joe: Yeah, the old Maube Ferry.

Man: We had to run from Green River down and we'd come up there and cross those ferries.

Joe: See, your Alhandra Ferry wasn't put in until maybe about 1905 or '06 by the time they put a railroad (?) in there to drag it. Then they got that franchise to run the stage through. The Uintah Railway put that in on a toll road see. 1905, I was ten years old, and my dad wintered those construction horses that winter for old George Billings. He had the store there and he bought hay and grain there and we wintered those construction horses that winter in 1905.

Man: Was that ferry that was up to Burton's there, was it the same one that Albert Snow used to run down to Jensen or was that a new one?

Joe: The first one was the old Burton Ferry, then Albert...

Man: They didn't move the Burton Ferry down there, did they?

Joe: Yes, they brought it down there and it was a small ferry and they, Albert and them, Newell can tell you that, they had another ferry boat. They run the Burton Ferry there for years, then they had a bigger ferry boat.

Man: Then they built a bigger one. I remember the ferry there.

Joe: Of course, you do. They built a bigger ferry when they had more travel.

***Man: They used to take the ropes and link from one end when you wanted to go across to the other. It didn't take any power to do it, they just go and do it. It's just the power of the stream pushing it over.

Joe: Sure, just whichever way you wanted to turn your boat. The current would push you across. If there's anything more you want to ask about the Burton Ferry... I don't think it was ever constructed for a fort to start with. I think they just rebuilt a few stuff there and doubled

them up. Did you ever hear them tell about old portholes and stuff in there? There ain't never no portholes in there that I can remember. I remember the whole thing very well.

Man: I remember when I was a kid way down in the grades, we went over to see the old placer mine run by old man Chris Keaten. You remember old man Chris Keaten? We crossed that Burton Ferry and went over there at that time.

Joe: Oh no, you crossed the one up at the dredge.

Man: I can't remember, I thought it was that one.

Joe: No. Snows run that for years and years and years. When that dredge was running, you was crossing on the Jensen Bridge. That was after 1910, my boy.

Man: Is that right?

Iva: Are there any more questions you want to ask Joe? I'm going to have Newell tell us about the Snow Ferry. Now this Burton Ferry was moved down the river as Skipsy Johnson, you said, took it down, then Albert and Hugh Snow took it over from there. Was that right?

Man: William Stewart.

Iva: Yes, and he was running it. OK, Newell, maybe you can come up then, and if there's any more questions, you want to ask Joe afterwards. You come and tell us about...come right up here Newell. Say your name so we can get it on the recorder.

Newell Snow: Newell Snow. From the time that Jensen was first established in the southern part of the valley where Ashley Creek enters the Green, the Lars Jensen Ferry, which was a row boat at that time, was later a ferry which crossed people coming from the east to the west and south. This crossing was about five miles from the people in the north of the valley. Burtons built a ferry at that place to cross the river. More people came to this fertile valley and made homes and farms.

In 1891, George Billings, who owned the store near the Jensen Ferry, decided he would have a better business if he moved to a more central place. He built this new store on the riverbank where the Jensen market now stands. As people were traveling from west and east, stock industry was growing about the same time, 1893.

Skipsy Johnson bought the ferry from Burtons and moved down the river where the present bridge stands. In 1895, he sold the ferry to Snow brothers, Albert and Hugh, and William Stewart, their brother-in-law. Mr. Stewart and his three boys took care of the ferry boat until his wife died in 1903. After his wife's death, Mr. Stewart wanted to go back to the farm, so Albert Snow moved to the log house by the ferry with his wife and three children. I was five years old and the following incidents are some I remember.

One day the boat crossed to the east side to cross some people who called themselves, or who we called, immigrants. The teams were pulled onto the boats and wagons and there was a small colt belonged to one of the mares and it refused to go on to the boat. Daddy stepped out to put it on, and the thing went around and dropped into the river. The river was quite high and he

went around on the railing on the other side and he was hitting at the face with his hat. The board broke and Dad went into the river. The river was high. He immediately surfaced and took his hat and put it on his head and swam over to the bank and the colt went out onto the shore. When the thing went around, he steered it onto the boat.

There was always two rowboats handy to bring one person, or, for any other job needed, a cable car. The cable car was on a cable which was tied back by heavy posts that held the cable across the river. These posts were reinforced by what they called 'deadmen.' I don't know how that suits out there, that's what they called them. The deadmen was where they'd dig a hole and lay a big log in the ground and cut a little notch with a heavy cable or chain on it and tie it to the post in front. That makes a stronger brace. So this was done, and I remember once a ferry boat was leaking a little and they used opium, I think, or opum (?) to cork with. Joe Hall came along and wanted to go across the river to get some hay to his horse. Dad had gone over and got him with his rowboat. On the way over, I got Dad to let me go with him. He said yes, that was ok, so I went with him. When we got almost over there I broke an oar. He steered it into the bank, he says, "Are you afraid?" And I said "No." He said, "Sit still, I'll paddle it over to the bank." He did, got some (?) and anchored the boat and fed the horse. He hollered across and Dad brought the other rowboat and picked us two up.

Quite a frequent visitor to our place was an old fellow by the name of John B. Drew. He was a nice old man and very moral. He liked to prospect; he stayed with us for years. A lot of times he would go to Juniper Springs, then he stayed with us at Jensen even after we moved back to the farm. He was quite a well-educated man and very refined, loved to be in the mountains. Then one day, out at Powder Springs, a fellow by the name of Tom Taylor, he was a frequent visitor, too, he was showing his horses to come to Jensen for more supplies. They were drilling and trying to drill an oil well out there. One of the horses kicked him in the ribs and broke two or three ribs and they sent in for the doctor which was Dr. Bowers at the time. Dad took him across the river and on his way back to town, Dr. Bowers tried to drive onto the bridge, was going over to pick him up, and there was a little space of water that the sand had formed in and you had to wade it, oh, I guess from where this chair is over to that wall. He pulled out and one of the horses wouldn't go onto bridge and slipped and fell. It didn't seem to want to get up, so Dad unhooked the tugs and got the next rope undone and spatted on the one and it got up and turned around and started to cross this water. Dad run and got the lines and Lars jumped up and was bucking and he pulled his coat half on and back off and he said, "I can't swim, I can't swim, what will I do, what will I do, I can't swim!" I says, "Sit there, just sit there!" So he did. By that time, Dad come back with the team and across the river we come.

I remember one day Dad had to go across the river for something to get somebody or bring them back. I think he took somebody across, if I remember right. When he returned, he straightened the boat and pulled it in and landed it, tied it up, and started up the trail toward the house. He heard a noise, kind of a splashing in the water. He stopped and looked back. He couldn't see anything, so he started on up the trail. He heard the splattering again; he looked back and he couldn't see anything, so he went down to investigate to see what it was. When he got down there, he heard it again so he stooped down under the apron. Now the apron is a place that slopes up the water, up this way, and then your aprons set on that, way where they go down off. He looked under this slope of the boat and there was his supper, a great big white fish. It had been playing in front of the boat is what he thought, and the boat had pushed it out so he couldn't get back, it was just practically out of water.

Then, later on, there got to be quite a little bit of live stocking. All of the fellows that crossed cattle there, I don't remember all of their names, but I do remember some of them that was closer about and I was with more times than any. There was Coltharp's Park Livestock, and I don't know just how many more that crossed sheep on the ferry boat. Later come quite a few cattle, I don't know, there was Dad and Stewarts and the Mantle boys, all of them, Andrew Murray, Ted and Johnny Evans. They used to cross the cattle. There was quite a few at that time. Sometimes they would for. If the river was low and it was good and wasn't quick-sandy, they would cross a lot of them in the water. Along about the 1918 when the Ute Indians were brought back with the soldiers from Ft. Duchesne on the reservation, who were in Ft. Duchesne, they pulled down, some of them, to the Jensen Ferry and some of them to our ferry. Well, it got to be quite a camp down there, there was a lot of Indians and quite a bunch of soldiers.

SIDE TWO

Us boys saddled up our horses, I don't know, there was my brother and my cousins and all the boys on the river flats, we went down to see what the Indians was like. When we got down there, they got their mud-dubbers and throwed mud at us. We got down and got us some mud-dubbers and squeeze mud on them and we'd use these mud-dubbers like you do when you cast for trout now with these spin casts. You could throw a gob of mud quite a ways. Well, we had a lot of fun doing that.

Later on, some of the soldiers was brought up to our place to cross, they rode their horses over to the river and got off and let them go into the water to drink. I was standing on the east of the west bank. They were on the east and the captain was on the west bank. He was quite put out about it. He got mad and called to them and swore at them and told them to get the horses out of there and pulled his six shooter out and says, "If you don't, I'll shoot." They did immediately; they pulled the horses back.

Early spring was once a warm south wind. I haven't got that written down here, but I'm going to go back to it, just getting to where the ice jam is. The reason, according to old-timers, the upper country got three days of spring, good hot spring weather before we got through with winter. Then our spring opened up and that's what put so much water into the river and raised it to such a high tide. It run an awful lot of water and ice was lifted and carried downstream. It flooded the lowlands, some low farms. It tore out islands, huge islands were torn out by this ice jam. It's unbelievable the amount of island that it did take out. Water was backed up and really high. Our boat was going with the ice jam. They wanted to lower cable that swung just below the storage run across. A fellow by the name of Burn Gardiner was there and he says, "I'll go get that cable on the other end." Dad says, "How will you get it?" He says, "That ice is solid." It was, it was three-foot ice and it was stopped. He took a hatchet and went down the river bank and cut that cable and back before the ice started to move again. They told him not to go, but he wanted to go and he did go. It was dangerous because it'd shoot ice out on the bank. It would knock a cottonwood tree right off the stump.

Woman: Do you know what year that was?

Newell: 1907, or was it 1908, I wasn't sure, it might of been '07. But you remember the island below the store? It wasn't there, there was no island there when the ice jam.

Joe: Biggest ice jam there ever was in the river. Took your boat, took Mawbee's boat and took Alhandra boat.

Newell: Yeah, it took our boat down the river and they got this cable and some teams, followed the boat up. They got to Ashley Creek and then pulled the boat up Ashley Creek. If Ashley Creek hadn't been there, the boat would still be going, I guess. Dad called Ouray and told them about the ice jam.

Man: Why didn't they call at the Alhandra Ferry?

Newell: They called at Alhandra, that's where I mean, I don't mean Ouray, I mean Alhandra. He called Alhandra and told them about the ice jam. It went on for a couple of days, so you can tell how slow the jam was moving with the heavy ice. The ice was on the river down our way, it was heavy ice, thick, three feet thick.

Man: Nick run that, I believe. Didn't he?

Newell: Yes, Dad called him and I don't know, somebody come along and Dad asked them how they was getting along down there and he says, "All right, the Snows spit in the river and called it an ice jam." Well, it wasn't very long 'til it got down there, whatever it was, they had to take to high ground. They was flooded out and their boat was taken. I remember one day Joe Hall came along repairing the boat. I told you that, I believe.

Woman: Newell, did you continue in this ferry business after your boat was taken?

Newell: Yes, we continued in it until the bridge. Later on, the circus come. You can remember the circus, can't you?

Man: I remember the circus.

Newell: You remember the circus; it had 'most everything. All kinds of animals. You remember the huge tent?

Joe: Yeah, I remember.

Newell: Well, the elephants, they forded across the river right there. They forded the elephants and they got down there, they'd take those old trunks and they'd blow water all around. But they had to cross the teams and wagons on the ferry boat, and there were quite a lot of them. They had everything in the shape of animals.

Woman: What circus was it?

Man: I can remember the elephants when they first come over. They started toward the people, you know, to get something to eat and the people just run as fast as they could go.

Newell: When they were coming in, they said to use the elephants to push behind the wagons and teams. They was so heavy loaded that coming across those clay flats was hard going. They used the elephants; they said they'd push and bring it along. I know, maybe you was with us, we set on the shed and the elephants was as tall as the shed.

Man: Yeah, I remember.

Sue: What year was that?

Newell: That was somewhere around 1910, I believe.

Joe: It was after the bridge was built wasn't it?

Newell: No, no. They crossed on the ferry boats.

Woman: Did anybody take pictures?

Newell: I don't think so. Mila has some of the ice jam. I'm going to get one and have it enlarged sometime. It's up in our pastures. Then I'll show you what the ice was like. We shoveled out on the bank, made a canyon out of it.

Sue (Ruple Watson): We had that ice jam in Island Park, too, it stopped the river just down below where the tunnel is. The water came right up to the door, but there was a ditch in front of the door and it didn't come beyond that ditch, otherwise it might have washed the house away.

Newell: That might have been that same ice jam.

Sue: It was, I'm sure.

Newell: There was two ice jams in succession. The other one was a fast ice jam, it didn't have the heavy ice, it came down the Yampa mostly.
(comments inaudible)

Newell: Yes, I know.

Man: Did the Indians cross the ferry there into Colorado?

Newell: Some of them, they crossed back coming to Utah. They were bringing them to Utah.

Man: ...in Maeser there, on that Maeser corner where I was born and lived. That's how they come down the street and I was always under the impression that they turned down probably where the road goes over to Manila. I never did know. I never knew that they'd cross the ferry and go up through Colorado.

Newell: I don't know which way they went. They went into Montana, didn't they? Dakota?

Joe: The time of the opening of the reservation in 1905, old Snake Pete and his had taken out on the warpath and they left the reservation and took their ponies and what cattle they could and

went through to Dakota. Any time in those days when you left your reservation, you didn't get any of this allotment, it didn't amount to much, just two or three dollars a month. Those Indians went up there with the Sioux and those Indians in Dakota, they pert' near starved to death. They was up there for two or three years, maybe. They sent troops from Ft. Duchesne. They went up and traileed them back. I've seen lots of poor outfits. That was the most destitute outfit I ever saw in my life. The ponies was so poor they couldn't hardly move and they pulled in down there and the main camp stopped down there where the Powell place is on that side of the river. Old Jens Jensen took a contract from the government to cross them for \$600. They laid over there for about a week. Pard Dodds had a contract to furnish some beef and Pard kept them in beef, I don't know where it come from.

Man: They camped above the little canal coming back. I saw them went up above their camp. I saw them when they came through, and Aunt Millie traded them. She went out and spoke to the Curry woman, who was married. She was a little young girl when Aunt Lily took over to the White Rocks, she took the Indians food at White Rocks. When they came through, Aunt Lily went out and talked to her and said, "My, that young girl married that old fellow." But I always thought they turned and went over the mountain to Wyoming.

Joe: I don't know which way they went, but when they come back, they come around...

Man: Didn't they have the Negro?

Joe: No, it was a white cavalry.

Man: I remember they were in very poor condition when they camped up there. They were hollering and yelling and starved. When they camped at our place, we gave them bread and gave them stuff when they came back.

Sue: It could have been the Daniels who married little Rosie, could he?

Joe: No.

Newell: What year was that, Joe?

Joe: That'd be about 1908 or '09.

Man: I remember my folks went down to the old Mawbee Ferry, we watched them cross.

Joe: Yes, everybody was down there to watch the Indians cross.

Newell: Yes, there was a lot of them.

Joe: Jens said that's the most money he ever made in his life. He took the contract for \$600. That was a lot of money then.

Man: They came back before 1909 because we went to the reservation in 1909 and they must have come back right after 1905...

Joe: No, it was 1908 or '09, I do know that. They had been up there two or three years. In that bunch, there was 500 went up there and there was only about two or three hundred left by the time they got them back down.

Newell: There was a man by the name of Pat Wayland that used to stay at our place. He used to be out across the river with some of those fellows chasing cedar breakers. They'd bring them in to cross them on the ferry boat and some of them they would put a knee strap on them. Now a knee strap is around here above the hoof and up over the shoulder. You pull it up and that keeps this foot off the ground, they can't put it down. But some of them were in knee straps, and they were long-horned cattle. They were wild; they called them cedar breakers. They were just mavericks that grew up in the cedars. These fellows were chasing them down. They crossed them on the ferry boat. They didn't have all of them knee-strapped.

I don't know, Dad got off the boat for something, the later aprons were swinging aprons, the others they lifted on, but the later ones were swinging. These were the ones they lifted on, he got off and lifted this apron up so the cattle could come off. One of the old steers took to him. And he had a little ice house setting in the draw. I guess you remember, Joe, where the ice house stood. There was a hole cut where you could put the ice into the ice house and this steer charged Dad. He made for the ice house and when he got about there he just seemed to jump and just sail through that window. The steer went on up the hill and when he got to the top of the hill, he spied Henry Ch...(?) happened to have two buckets of water in his hands. The steer was making straight for him, Ray Forshae was quite a roper and he seen what was going on and he saved the steer. When he got about to Henry, he was close enough to rope him. He put the rope on its neck, turned it around. As it turned around, the steer caught Henry's horn, or the horn caught Henry's shirt just a little here, and it did tear his shirt, but he still had his water buckets.

Joe: That was our fun when we was kids.

Newell: The old horse he was riding, it was a horse that belonged to Dad and Uncle Hugh, and he'd bring the wild bunch a lot of times. Ray wanted the horse. He said, "I'll have him before I leave." He says, "I'll give you enough, you can't say no." He gave \$100 for the horse. Then you could buy a good horse for twenty-five, thirty, forty dollars.

(comments)

Man: Was that when they brought those cedar breakers across?

Newell: Yes. Us kids had a grandstand seat up on the big cottonwood stumps they had around there. We'd sit up on that and we watched all the performances when they was crossing cattle.

(comment)

Newell: No, I didn't tell them, but he did. One other thing I have. I haven't mentioned Ken's name, so I'll mention it now. Ken was quite a boy to be running around looking about, and he

spied some hornets. They were up on the riverbank in a little house that was up there on the hill. Ken seen these hornets and he went up and challenged the things. He took to them with rocks and they turned on him, they come back at him and they really got at him, too. They really had him howling and yelling. He says, "The whole family is after me!" He was yelling and hollering, "The whole family, all of them, everybody, the whole bunch is after me!" My mother run out to see what was the matter. She walked up by him and got ahold of him and tore his shirt and got the clothes off as much as she could to get rid of the hornets. Ken was sure dancing.

Ken: I didn't know the hornets was there.

Joe: Can I tell a story? She knows the characters better than I do. It was before my time, but when they was crossing cattle at the old Burton Ferry, Tom Morgan, they had come through from Nevada with a string of cattle. The river was high, it was bumping. They had to rope every... Put all those cattle and drag them on the boat. They said there was a big lone steer there they had drag on that boat three times. They was trying to swim these cattle and they couldn't do it. This one lone steer, they'd loaded him, drug him on the boat three times. They'd get him across the river and the bugger would just jump in the river and swim back.

He said this Burton was a big old gawky kid standing out there. He could pick up a rock and throw it clear across that river. The third time they drug that old steer on and put him on the boat and they turned around and this big kid, he said, "Kid, if that steer starts back, kill him." That steer hit that river and it was two-thirds the way across, and he could see his head sticking out. That kid picked up a rock and hit that steer right between the eyes and killed him deader than a doornail! He said, "I couldn't-a shot a gun and done that!"

Newell: You remember we used to do quite a little bit of swimming just below the ferry boats. You also remember that's where Pat came in one night at midnight and he crossed the river. The ice had frozen on the river and Pat crossed down at the lower cable. When he got out over the water, the ice broke and Pat went in. It was late in the evening. He hung on to the bridle reins of his horse, he was leading his horse across it, but the horse wouldn't back up. So he said he took his hat and hit at his face like that and he said the horse did and pulled him up. He was in up to his waist and the ice was too slick and [he said], "I couldn't get a hold to get out, I just couldn't make it. The horse pulled me out." I remember he come to the house and how Dad fixed up a fire to dry him and warm him.

Then later, when they was swimming up by Walls, that was when Marla drowned. Dad was sending me up into the pastures, Walls and I used to run our cattle in the same pasture, our milk cows. I went up there for something, I don't know what he told me, to go up there to look for something, I can't remember what, but that's where I went. Coming back, I seen Mother coming up the river bank and she told me about it. She said, "Marla was drowned and they said you was drowned, too." But I wasn't with the boys. They thought I was. Some of them seemed to think that I was there. So that was the story they put out. Dad had a row boat going up the other side of the river and he stopped the row boat and they all begin to holler, "Come on with the boat! Come on with the boat!" So he said he went on with the boat. They didn't find Marla, and he always felt sorry about not stopping because he said something bumped the bottom of the boat, and he was going to see what it was. But he said they hollered so much to come on that he went on. But he says if [he had] done it the other way, maybe that wasn't him, then he'd have felt just as bad anyways. He called it about even.

Man: How thick have you seen the ice on Green River?

Newell: 36 inches.

Man: It doesn't freeze over, now, does it?

Newell: It does, but not very solid, I'd hate to try to cross it. I know it was awful thick ice.

(comment)

Man: Father had that place on Green River and they had an ice jam that backed the water up over his farm and moved the house quite a ways. That's why Father sold that wonderful place he had down there, and I don't believe there's been another ice jam since.

Newell: They had one the very next year, but it wasn't as bad as that and it never did stop, it was really fast.

Man: Our place was right east of Ouray Valley there, around the bend, the little horseshoe bend in there.

(comment)

Newell: They were going to break the ice loose, but they didn't have to. We had one not too many years ago, you remember that, about our cattle being down in the pasture. The river does get high when these jams come.

Joe: I've seen a lot of those in my time. This last one they had in '62, that was the 12th day of February. I went out and it turned cold the 20th of February—22 below, and it all froze over again. But the funniest thing that ever happened on that river was down at Ouray. It was just before Christmas. It was froze on this side and Hen Lee drove out there with his truck and it went off over in the river.

Man: ...bigger boys just jumped in, I was just a kid. He said, "Let's follow them." I said, "All right." We followed them and we missed the board and, boy, I was give out. Charlie Dordy (Daugherty?), walked out and got and brought us in.

Newell: Hugh Stewart and Ivan Peterson used to dive off the ferry boat a lot. They were good swimmers, they were good divers, but that Hugh when he'd go down, you didn't know when he'd surface. He stayed down quite a while. It used to scare me to see him go and stay like he did under water.

Man: When I was five years old I run away from our place here in Maeser with George Hunting and walked to Green River. I didn't tell my folks anything about it, but I happened to tell our neighbor to the east of us. They hunted until late evening for me and at 12:00 they arrived there with a horse and buggy at the old Hunting place and picked me up and brought me home. He

never said a word nor scolded me. The rooster crowed just as we pulled in to our Maeser home up there. I was five years old, I'd be six in October.

Woman: What were you mad about? Why did you leave?

Man: This older boy, George Hunting, coaxed me to go with him down there to the Hunting Ranch. Al Timothy was living in part of our house up there. They had a birthday party, here in the coal mine, and this Hunting was a brother-in-law to Al Timothy. He came down from the mine and I went with him and didn't tell my folks a thing. They finally found out, put in all night getting me home. Five years of age.

Woman: And no car, horse and buggy.

Man: Al Timothy, they met him way out in here by that grove of trees. I went way out around, I knew that he'd know me. I went way out around so he wouldn't see me and bring me back.

Newell: Did I tell you about Reed Snow getting tossed into the river? The river was quite high and timber was floating quite a little bit and trash on it. My brother and I and Reed Snow got some sticks and we'd put it under this debris and throw it over our backs down the river. An extra heavy one come along and Reed stuck his stick down under that and when he went to give it a lift, he just went like that, over and into the water. First thing I done was looked under the apron of the bridge. That was where we walked and where the windows was on this side of the boat, but I couldn't see Reed, so I run to the other side and then Marlo got down on the apron this side as I came back from the other side. I said, "Marlo, I can see his hand, he's got ahold of the brace that holds the platform up." I could see about that much of his hand. The water was quite high. So Marlo reached down and got his hand and I followed up and got on the apron with him. We got a hold of Reed and pulled him out. We was feeling kind of bad about it, but we went up the riverbank and up in the flat and Dad come along and we told him what had happened. He gave us a talking to, all right. I understood that we'd better not try it again.

Man: During the drought of '30 I went to Salt Lake and got an appropriation of \$20,000 with John Slaugh. After you go down on the river there and put in a ... project. I got down there and this trouble that I had contracted in the army. I had to leave, I got up and left. We put in that during the drought. We raised quite a crop down there. But I had to go to the hospital. Father always told us that when you go out in the river swimming, always go upstream and if you fall into a hole it'll wash you back. We were very cautious that way, and we always did that, but my neighbors in Roosevelt, they fell into a hole and drowned one of their boys on that project.

Newell: Maybe I'd better lay off, I could go on and on and on, I guess.

Joe: Newell, you never told them how those ferry boats were operated, they were all self-propelled.

Newell: Yes, I might tell them something about that, I wish I had something. The windlass was a big round barrel shaped affair, it had a crank on this hand and ropes went around this windlass several times and on over and threaded up through the pulleys and back and tied to the pulleys. The same on both sides. When you wanted to cross the river, you take this. Say this is the ferry

boat, it's always landing, pulled in straight. In high water times, Dad used to slope it a little that way, said it was easy if the boat needed a hold because the current would hit it and take it that direction. When you wanted to go across the river in low water time, we would just turn it loose. Us kids used to take it across quite a little, even when we were small, in low water time. We wasn't allowed to touch it in high water. But we would wind it up. If you wanted to go to the east side, you turned this crank and that would pull your boat that way, like that.

Joe: See the water pushes the boat.

Newell: When it would hit that way, yes, it would push your boat, it would take it like that across, and when you got over here, before you landed, you always turn it more or less straight. If you didn't, sometimes the boat begins to bank pretty hard, it might do something to damage it. So it was always straightened when you pulled in to land.

Joe: When that river was high, you had to...

Newell: You better not turn it loose because it would take you in a second. You had to turn it loose when it was high. It would just sink down like that and naturally take it. You had to really wind it up, that's when it got lots of slope, you got it clear up here. It really went across the river, it didn't lose any time; it'd go across fast.

Man: Do you have any knowledge of someone going on over the boat that one time with a load of sheep or something?

Newell: No.

Man: Someone told me at one time that they went out on over the boat with a load of sheep. I don't recall, I don't remember the time of the year, but it seems like...

Joe: He had bars or gates on each end so his livestock wouldn't go off, it was like a corral in there. They probably wouldn't have sense enough to stop.

Newell: I do have a remembrance of a bull running around Jensen there loose, a big Durham bull with horns. Nobody knew who he belonged to and us kids used to get our horse and get behind the thing and drive it out on the ferry boat, and it jumped off the end, turned around, and swim back. We did that quite a few times and I did it one day and Mother said, "Don't you do that anymore, I'll take a willow to you." I did the next day. I took that bull and dumped him off over the end of the bridge. She got the willow, I got that. She kept her word.

Man: When the river was high, I been wondering, you see where they passed wagons and teams over, the bank would have to be the same level as the boat. How would they manage that?

Newell: They had those aprons on. When you was at the bank you could leave it quite straight if you had to. He always tried to leave a little slope and still leave them room to get on. But before you ever turned loose, you give it that slope whichever way you was going to go, you better.

Joe: ...across the middle of the river then you'd ford the rest of the way.

Newell: I remember one time Mr. Nelson come down there in a wind storm and he wanted to take one of the boats. Dad talked to him quite a little while. Didn't want him to take it; he'd rode the waves a lot of times. Finally, Dad did let him take it, and he got past in to the ferry boat. The wind was blowing hard and the waves was rolling high. It looked like, for a little while, the old man wouldn't get back. Dad was pretty scared about it. He says, "Never again when that wind is blowing does anybody get the boat."

Man: Father took a plank and put on each end of five gallon cans, that wouldn't absorb water, across that river in high water time, when he didn't have a boat ramp. Took this plank and put those five gallon cans on each end, and he crossed the river there.

Newell: The plank on the ferry boat, they weren't spiked down, they had a platform across the top here with some boards that just fastened a little now and then. On the bottom side the same, that was to keep the planks, when the teams would come on with wagons, from kicking up. See, sometimes they'd tip up. You probably had that happen crossing the bridge or something. That was anchored down for that very reason. But they didn't bolt them down because they used to have to undo this side and take up some of these planks and cork the bulls. I helped cork, when I was a boy, a lot of times. Nile and I, we done a lot of corking.

Iva: Thank you very much, Newell.

Sue: The Stewarts ran the ferry until 1893 or 1903?

Newell: '93.

Iva: These are some pictures that Lula Chew brought. One of them is a ferry at Jensen. The other is the first bridge at Jensen, and the other is the Bridge Day Celebration, you might pass it around. I think we talked quite a bit about the ferries. I'm eager to get as much as I can on Alhandra, and Mr. Neal is going to give us something about that. The Jensen or Mawbee Ferry, we've just mentioned, I think it's been mentioned several times, of course, the first ferry was built there in 1882, according to Jens. This was a rowboat and another boat, twelve feet wide and thirty-eight feet long, was sawed out of cottonwood trees and put together with wooden pins. Jens recalls he could hold a four-horse team and wagon. Jens also recalls helping to ferry thousands of head of sheep, cattle, and horses across the river in the eleven years they ran the ferry. In 1894, Lars built a larger ferry, and the last big run the Jensens made with the ferry was to transport eighty-six teams and wagons of runaway Indians.
end.

Cont. on tape #87.

2Tape #87

Alhandra Ferry and Snow Ferry

This is continued from tape #53, a recording of a discussion about the two named ferries. The tape was made at the Golden Age Center in Vernal, Utah, in approximately March 1974. The meeting was conducted by Mada Dudley and Iva Gray.

The first speaker is unknown.

...team and wagon. Jens also recalls helping to ferry thousands of head of sheep, cattle and horses across the river in the eleven years they ran the ferry. In 1894 Lars built a larger ferry and the last big run the Jensens made with the ferry was to transport eighty-six teams and wagons of run-away Indians, that's been mentioned here, who had left the Uintah Reservation that summer to go to the Dakotas. I guess they realized, we mentioned about how much they realized it. The next spring, according to him, the big ice jam was in 1908. (comments from the group) I don't know whether it was '07 or '08 or '09, that's what I was trying to get.

One of the things I want to just mention is, and it's been a little bit of a controversy: you've seen this DUP monument down at the bridge and it was erected October 12, 1937 to the Jensen/Mawbee Ferry which says the first boat framed together with wooden pegs used for passengers and baggage was built and operated by Lars Jensen two and a half miles downstream from 1881 to 1909. It was replaced by cable ferry for wagons in 1885 and a larger boat in 1894. This was used until [it was] carried away by the ice in 1909, is what it says on that. This was used until its last service October 5, 1908 with 86 trips. My son Jensen crossing these run-away Indians. The town was named in honor of Lars Jensen. Now, this isn't quite accurate because, as you know, the Burtons, we had the Burton ferry before then and also the Snow Ferry. I was kind of interested, Alice Snow was here and I asked her about that. She was very active in the DUP at the time, and I would like her to tell, if she would, what's the reason for that statement on this monument. Would you tell?

Alice: Well, I don't know. I know I helped with the monument, but the Mawbee ferry was in running before the Snows took theirs over because the Burton and the Mawbee were both going and then the town...

Unknown speaker: The Burtons and the Mawbees were going before the Snows? Well that's what I wondered. (other comments)

Alice: And we didn't have quite the date, the exact date of when they bought it. I know the Jensen Ferry was first, just a rowboat and that. Then in, I think they said 1891, that Billings decided the center of the population was going to be north of that and he brought his store up and put it, well, in fact, the building still stands. The ferry was put in, I think it was running a little before then, but the other two ferries was before this, because that's where the population was at the time, both north and south. When they filled it in between, it was a better crossing there, north-central crossing.

Unknown speaker: Well, I was interested in her comments about that. Now, the Alhandra Ferry, I think Bob Johnson, if I understand, ran that first. I'm going to ask Mr. Charlie Neal, will you come up and tell us a little bit about the Alhandra?

Neal: There's very little I can tell you about the Alhandra. I lived up the river.

Man: Why did they call it the Alhandra Ferry?

Woman: What's the origin of the word Alhandra, Was he an Indian chief?

Man: Chief Alhandra, yes.

Woman: Which tribe?

Man: He was Ute, Uncompahgre, I think. He was a Ute.
(other comments)

When did they built that? Does anybody know when it was they built the Alhandra Ferry? Was it after these other ferries?

Sue Watson: I went out to school about 1911 or something, we went on the Alhandra Ferry, that's about all I could add to it.

Man: Alhandra Ferry I think was built by the Uintah Railway Company to bring their freight along.

They did, but when was it built, does anyone know?

Man: I remember when I was just a little bit of a kid, I must've only been about eight years old, and my father used to haul hay down there and I know they had it then.

Man: Yes, it's been there a long time, I don't know how long.

(other comments)

When I got to looking into this, I found out that we had the Alhandra, we also had the Ouray Ferry. Now, I didn't know about that. We also have this toll bridge down at White River. I thought we could have another class sometime and have those gotten a little more in detail and told about those three places down in that area, because seems to me like there's a lot to be said about it. I was quite interested with regard to it because of when they started or had the idea of building the bridge, there was evidently a lot of controversy whether to build the bridge at Jensen down here or whether to build it down at Alhandra. I got these from the *Echos of the Dust*, the boost for the Jensen Bridge and the big argument: Green River Bridge, Jensen or Alhandra, which one? They evidently had quite a to-do about that. Did you have something, Charlie?

Charlie: Not particularly, except along that same line, Uintah Railway was using the ferry down at Alhandra. They were using that to carry the mail so they wanted to have the bridge built down there at Alhandra so they could go ahead and use it. Father was right there in the middle of that fight.

(other comments)

Many of the people from Colorado were coming across this Jensen deal, whereas that was the argument.

Man: Most of them were coming through Brown's Park, they didn't come this side of Hoy Ranch at all. They crossed up in Brown's Park, everybody that came in from up in there.

Man: After Old Man Neal got the appropriation for this bridge, they surveyed that and they made it thirty-six feet short. They put that up and.....

Man: They got an appropriation to build that thirty-five feet. The bridge man, why he knew that the bridge wasn't wide enough to reach from the bank clear across, so he built it right square against the bank. There was only four feet....the bank on this side right on to the end of the bridge. Instead of building the bridge out in the river like he should have, why he built it right against where the bank is now.

Man: This old man that took that contract, he was pretty clever. He knew that survey was off, but he didn't say a thing about it because he knew. He went ahead and built this 'til he got there and said, "Now I've built mine, what are you going to do with the rest of it?"

(other comments)

Man: It was a toll road....that's the argument they put up: that they built that road that they built for the Uintah Railway for their toll road, and they checked the traffic and they figured there was more cattle, more sheep, and everything brought down at Jensen than there was down at Alhandra.....

Man: I'm sure that Uintah Railway put the bridge in at Ouray, too. Because they took that contract for mail up to Myton.

I think that would be very interesting to have a little bit more on those things. Then another topic that I think would be very interesting would be to have these different celebrations that were carried on, the first Bridge Day. I understand that Charlie, for that first one, strung lights, didn't you, all along the river there for the big celebration? 'Course they didn't have lights down there, so he was kind enough to bring the lights in for us for the big celebration down there. Then there's another that Lizzy Brown told about and that was the old gold dredge, when it was completed, and the big celebration they had then. I think some of these celebrations, that would be very interesting to have those given and we have these pictures that we're sending around. We have a lot of those pictures of those early celebrations. That's what they did there.. (laughs and comments)

Man: Years ago I had a dream. I dreamed that right down Green River, below Ouray Valley, there was a great resort and the people were coming through there in hordes, and I'll bet some day a road will be put right through there. I took the dream, when I had that dream, I have a great desire, people will always go out and....

Man: I'll tell you another little story if you don't mind while still have....when the circus was...White Forest, they called him White Wrench and his bucking horse.....
(more comments)

Are there any more comments about the ferries or forts. If not, I'll turn the time back over to Mrs. Gray and we surely appreciated you coming.